

Earl and Fairy: Gemini

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Summary: One week after the battle with Ulysees, Edgar and co set off on yet another mad-cap adventure, this time with a new companion along for the ride. Told from the perspective of several characters, sparks will fly, fairies will abound, enemies will fight, and OC's will be pwned as our favorite fairy doctor and sexy Earl race to find the Land of Ibrazel.

## 1. Every Single Day

**\*\*Earl and Fairy: Gemini\*\***

><strong>Chapter 1: Every Single Day<strong>

><strong>AN: Please keep in mind that this is **\*\*\_\*\*not \*\*\_\*\*going to be an OC-centric fic. Yes, Lucy is going to be the main focus of the first few chapters, but Lydia and Edgar are still the main characters of the story, Lucy is simply there as a plot device, a way to help Edgar with his relationship with Lydia, and love interest for Kelpie. She has a purpose, but it's not the main focus of the fic.**

**\*\***

"Letter for you, Ms. Carlton."

Lydia glanced up from the brownie perched upon her finger and gave a wide smile to Tompkins, Edgar's butler.

"Thank you," she said, taking the envelope from the white-gloved hand that offered it to her. "And please, just Lydia will do."

Tompkins' lips curved up the slightest bit before he bowed curtly, excused himself, and set off down the path back to the manor.

Lydia sighed once he was out of her sight and lifted her face up to the sun, letting it warm her eyelids. Bonnets may keep her cheeks from becoming sunburned, but they were rather cumbersome, especially now that she wished to enjoy the unusually warm weather.

She looked back down at the missive in her hands and flipped it over with an intrigued frown, brushing her long bangs away from her pale green eyes.

A delighted smile of incredulity grew on Lydia's face as she read the return address, and she eagerly opened the envelope and pulled out the paper enclosed within.

Footsteps crunched against the gravel path and Edgar took the seat next to her, and amused twinkle in his violet eyes.

"A letter from a secret admirer?" he teased, leaning over her shoulder to read it. "Do I have yet another rival for your affections, my fairy?"

Lydia flushed as his clean smell of soap and vanilla washed over her, and slid slightly away from him on the stone bench, shaking her head.

"R-rival?" she babbled, refusing to meet his gaze. "Edgar, stop \_teasing\_ me. It's a letter from Lucy!"

"Lucy?" he questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"My younger sister," Lydia explained. "She attends a finishing school in Wales, so I'm afraid that I don't get to see her as often as I would like."

"I never realized you had a sister. Tell me, what is she like?" said Edgar, sounding honestly curious.

Lydia hummed under her breath as she searched for the right words to describe the oddity that was her sister.

"Lucy's more like our father than anything else, really," she said. "She's very bookish and has one of his eyes and one of our mother's... and my hair, unfortunately for her," Lydia added with a sigh.

Edgar frowned at her, and, before she even realized what he was doing, untied the bow of her bonnet with his slender fingers and swept it from her head, causing Lydia's long and thick locks to tumble down her back and to her waist.

"Edgar!" she groaned, reaching for her stolen bonnet. "What on Earth was that for?"

He smirked and captured a strand of hair, bringing it to his lips for a soft kiss.

"I adore your hair," he whispered, his sultry tone causing Lydia to flush bright red. "The color is beautiful, my fairy, like rose gold."

Lydia, who had absolutely no clue how to respond to that statement, sat frozen as he tucked the lock behind her ear, his palm brushing against her cheek bone as he drew his hand away.

"You were saying?" said Edgar, as though nothing whatsoever had happened.

She cleared her throat and cast her gaze to the letter she held in her hands, willing her face to return to its normal complexion. "Lucy is very... timid, I suppose you could say. She doesn't enjoy being around strangers; it's very rare for her to feel comfortable around someone she just met."

"You worry about her." It was a statement, not a question, and the truth of it stunned Lydia.

"Alright yes," she said, "I do worry about Lucy. But Edgar, after our mother passed, it was just the two of us and our father, so it's only natural, isn't it? It's so difficult for her to make friends... I just don't want Lucy to be lonely."

Lydia chanced a look at Edgar and saw him nodding in understanding.

"Is she able to see fairies as well?" he asked suddenly.

"Ah, yes. I suppose she takes after our mother in that respect. Why?" said Lydia.

Edgar shrugged, a perfectly crafted look of nonchalance upon his face; and yet, somehow, Lydia knew without a doubt that he was planning something. "Simply curious. What does she say in her letter?"

Lydia frowned at him suspiciously, fully aware that he was changing the subject, and unfolded the now-wrinkled paper she held in her hands.

"\_Dear Lydia,\_" she read aloud. "\_It seems as though my time here at Saint Seraphim's Academy for Ladies is coming to an end; Father should be happy to hear that I graduated without upset- although I'm sure that both you and he are aware that I won't miss this place in the least- and I will be returning to London in a week on the eight o'clock train. I don't think I can describe how happy I will be to see you again Lydia, I've missed you so much! I doubt you realize how lucky you were to leave this place two years early; it's absolutely dreadful! Until next week. Love, Lucy Carlton.\_"

"How wonderful," Edgar stated. "Another Carlton!"

Lydia rose from her seat, looking worried. "No, Edgar, it's horrible! She can't return home now!

"And why ever not?" he asked, watching as she began to pace back and forth in front of the bench, boots crunching against the gravel path.

"Because it's too dangerous for her right now!" Lydia exclaimed, hands flying up to tug at her hair. "Ulysees and his men, they're- they're still after us! They could hurt Lucy! And the quest for Ibrazel; how on Earth would we hide that from her?"

"But didn't you say that she was able to see fairies?" said Edgar calmly.

"Well, yes, but... but..." Lydia spluttered, searching for a

legitimate reason as to why her sister should not be informed of the situation.

Edgar sighed and came to stand before her, ceasing her pacing by placing his hands upon her shoulders.

"Lydia, you know just as well as I do that Lucy will find out what's going on if she comes here- and," he added, stopping the words of protest that were sure to come rushing out of Lydia's mouth, "she's going to come here; there is little that you can do to stop it. So, with that said, I believe it would be prudent to tell Lucy and let her decide what she wishes to do. It would be far more dangerous for her \_not \_to know. At least this way she'll know to use caution. Do you agree?"

Lydia let out a large puff of air and slumped back down onto the bench in defeat, sitting on her forgotten bonnet in the process.

"Oh alright," she said in an exasperated voice. "I agree; Lucy should know."

Edgar grinned and clapped his hands together, a mischievous glint to his eyes. "Wonderful! When will she be arriving again?"

## 2. Is Always Just the Same

**\*\*Earl and Fairy: Gemini\*\***

><strong>Chapter 2: Is Always Just the Same<strong>

As the eight o'clock train screeched to stop, Lydia stood up on her tip toes to look over the heads of the crowd gathered in front of her and her father, in search of Lucy Carlton's familiar face.

Professor Carlton tugged irritably at his cravat and said, "Be patient Lydia; you've waited two years, I'm sure that a few more moments won't do you any harm."

"I know, Father, I'm just so excited!" Lydia replied without looking at him.

Nico rolled his eyes from his perch on Lydia's shoulder, licking his paw nonchalantly; but Lydia knew all too well that the fairy cat was just as eager to see Lucy as she was. Lucy was one of the few humans, besides from Lydia, who could communicate with Nico and actually took note of his gentlemanly preferences. He was looking forward to the next few months or so of pampering.

"I see her!" Lydia exclaimed excitedly.

Lucy had emerged from the train, her chest length, dusty red hair pinned up into a loose twist, an anxious look in her different colored eyes as she looked around King's Cross Station.

"Excuse me," she mumbled softly, trying, and failing, to make her way through the throng. Lucy refused to admit it, but the only thing she was really succeeding at was being jostled to and fro as she attempted to reach Lydia and her father.

"Lucy!" Lydia called, setting off at a brisk walk after her

sister.

Lucy's head snapped up at the mention of her name and a wide smile grew on her face as she flew into her sister's open arms.

"Lydia!" she breathed. The two girls hugged as Nico and Professor Carlton approached, the Professor rubbing the back of his head sheepishly and grinning, Nico walking on his hind legs with an air of superiority about him.

"Hello, Lucy, good Lord, look how you've grown!" The Professor said awkwardly once his daughters had separated.

Lucy blushed and looked down at the bag she held in her hands before lightly embracing her father. "Father," she said softly, "you're looking well. I'm so glad to see both of you!"

Nico sniffed and crossed his arms, looking in the opposite direction. "Still a softy I see, Lucy," he mewled. "Can't even get through a crowd on your own. You need to toughen u-"

"Nico! I almost forgot, I have something for you!" Lucy said happily.

The fairy opened an eye and watched as she crouched down and rummaged around in her bag for something, finally emerging with a stationary set, tied with a red ribbon.

"The man at the shop said that every gentleman needed one of these, so I assumed that you would enjoy it," she said eagerly, holding it down for the cat's inspection.

He sniffed at it before taking it and saying in a haughty voice, "Well then, I suppose I'm glad to see you. Things have been rather quiet without you."

Lydia snorted and crossed her arms. "Quiet? What with Edgar and all of his madcap adventures? Oh Nico, didn't I tell you not to drink Scotch until \_after\_ tea time?"

"Edgar?" Lucy asked curiously, tilting her head. Understanding struck and her green eye brightened. "Oh! Earl Ashenbart! Your employer! Well, I can certainly understand why things would be exciting with him around."

"I highly doubt you know the half of it," Lydia groaned, placing her palm upon her forehead.

"Pardon?" said Lucy.

Professor Carlton gave a sigh as he swept both of his daughters out of the busy train station and onto the bustling streets of London. "You'll learn eventually," he answered simply, ignoring Lucy's confused face. "In the meantime, let's get you home. You need to settle in, we need to catch up, and I need to examine the new specimen that arrived today," he added with a cheerful smile.

Lydia sighed, a rueful grin on her face that remained through out the entirety of the hansom cab ride back to the Carlton town house.

Nico preceded them out of the cab and into the residence, Lydia and Lucy trailing behind as Professor Carlton paid the driver, and their housekeeper, Elizabeth, saw to Lucy's bag. Lydia's foot had barely crossed the threshold before she was bombarded by a crowd of brownies, all of them chattering eagerly.

"Hey, wait!" said Lydia as one of them tugged on her skirt, causing her to stumble forward a few paces. She let out a sharp breath and stepped to the side so that Lucy, who was watching with barely-concealed mirth, could enter the house. "You do this every time I come home!"

"I'm surprised," said Lucy, picking one of them up and holding it closer to her face, "I didn't expect for there to be this many fairies in London."

"There are mainly brownies in the city with a few goblins and hobgoblins thrown in," Lydia explained, leading Lucy up the staircase and to her small bedroom. "Anything else only comes for a specific purpose; fairies have always preferred the country side for some reason. Although, there are practically millions of them around Edgar's manor. Probably because he's the Blue Knight Earl."

Lucy's eyebrows drew together and she bit her lip, transforming into what Lydia referred to as her thinking face.

"Understandable, but I do hope you realize that I would like to know how you came to work for \_the \_Blue Knight Earl. I mean- not to say that I'm surprised- well... Actually, I am a little- because I didn't think that the bloodline was still around and- Oh dear, now I'm confusing myself..."

Lydia smiled exasperatedly, opening the door to Lucy's small room, and the two girls took a seat on the bed, which, aside from a table on the opposite wall, was the only furniture in the space.

"I know it's rather small. Mine is a bit bigger, but only because I arrived here before you did. You understand though, I'm sure. Father invested all of his earnings into his research- as usual," Lydia explained.

The pair exchanged a knowing grin before the door swung open once again and Elizabeth entered. She set Lucy's bag down on the table, announced that tea would be served at twelve, and departed without further pleasantries.

"Would you like help unpacking?" said Lydia as Lucy rose to her feet and unclasped her bag.

"Oh that would be lovely. Although... I should probably change out of these traveling clothes, they've become rather dusty," Lucy replied, frowning down at her navy traveling dress.

Lydia hummed a reply and stroked Nico as Lucy changed into a clean day dress.

There was another knock on the door and Lydia opened it to reveal Elizabeth once again, with an air of confusion about her.

"Miss Lydia," she said in a light tone of voice, "Earl Ashenbert here

to see you and Miss Lucy."

"Edgar?" said Lydia, green eyes wide, and Lucy slipped back into her thinking face. "What on Earth could he possibly want?"

Elizabeth shrugged and said, "I don't know, Miss. He and your father are in the sitting room. I've made tea. Your father requested both of you to join them."

"Thank you Elizabeth," Lydia said with an exasperated sigh. Elizabeth bowed shortly and excused herself, and Lydia turned back to Lucy.

"Is this normal?" Lucy asked. "For the Earl to visit you... Erm... After hours?"

"N- no!" Lydia yelled, flushing bright red. "Well, actually, yes, but- That's besides the point!"

She stormed down the stairs and into the sitting room in a huff, taking her seat without meeting an amused Edgar's eyes.

"Ah, hello," Lucy said quietly from the doorway, hiding half of herself behind its frame.

"You must be Miss Lucy!" Edgar exclaimed, setting down his tea cup and smiling amicably. "It's wonderful to finally meet you, Lydia's told me so much about you!"

"You didn't even know I had a sister until a week ago," Lydia mumbled under her breath.

"Um... Well, here I am," Lucy said in a quiet voice, sitting down on the love seat next to her sister.

"Yes, and to celebrate," Edgar went on to say as Lydia took an annoyed sip of tea, "I came to personally invite the entire family to tea tomorrow at two in the afternoon. Does that sound acceptable, Professor Carlton?"

The Professor pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose, a shocked look on his face, and said, "Well, I suppose."

"Um, excuse me. But... I don't mean to be rude or anything, I was just wondering- I mean... Why would my homecoming be cause for celebration?" Lucy asked. "No offense Your Honor, but I've never met you before."

Edgar smiled widely and turned to Lydia, who took another angry mouthful of tea. "Why, didn't your sister tell you?" he inquired. "Oh Miss Carlton, it's only natural that I wish to celebrate the return of my future sister-in-law!"

Lydia spit out her drink and stared at Edgar aghast, her green eyes wide.

Lucy looked as though she could be knocked over with a feather. "Sister-in-law?" she squeaked, turning to Lydia, just now spying the moon ring that adorned her finger. "That means- you two are engaged!"

End  
file.